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FIGGOLA ADDOLORATA.
 BY E. MARIA ALBANESI.
 No one but Mary would have dragged me out of my rooms on this damp, foggy November night, but she generously got her way, at least with me; and then I loved to see her enjoying herself, and I was quite sure that this much-talked-of children's party carried a full measure of happiness to her.
 As she fluttered away with half a dozen little ones hanging on to her she turned her head.
 "Well, little one," I said at last, "and are you having a good time?"
 She shrugged her shoulders and answered me in French:
 "Je ne m'amuse pas trop."
 There was another little girl standing near; she was fluff-haired and fairy-like, and she looked at me in that searching way that children do, and then nodded her head towards my companion.
 "She's at a convent," she said, and there was a sound of awe in her voice.
 "Tell me," I said, "what do you do at the convent?"
 Again she shrugged her shoulders—little immature shoulders of ten years old.
 "Que voulez-vous qu'on fasse au convent? Des botines!"
 I was a little taken back.
 Mary flashed back at this moment.
 "Well, how are you getting on? Oh, Dolores, darling, there you are! I lost sight of you. Come with me sweet-heart, I want you to take your place in the march round."
 The small person shook her head.
 "I prefer not, thank you. I am rather interested in what this man has to say, and I hate marching round."
 One of Mary's guests had joined us, and overheard this remark.
 "What an odious little monkey!" she said in a half-tone, as she moved away.
 I saw the child's face change. She had caught those few words only too surely. Her coloring had become waxen, and her small hands closed so fiercely over the fan that it cracked suddenly.
 "Oh, I have broken it!" she said with a wall in her voice. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"
 I took it from her.
 "Don't fret, it can easily be mended. Will you let me take care of it for you?"
 She let her hand rest in mine almost confidently and she reached my face with those large, dark eyes. Apparently what she read there pleased her, for she gave a little sigh as she drew her hand away.
 "My name is Dolores Spencer; I have no home now; I live always at the convent. It was Sister Anatha who gave me my fan. She said I was to be careful of it because it belonged to my mother. My beautiful mother! Did you know my mother?"
 My hand closed over the small fan, and all at once I understood why I had been so drawn to this little creature; why that quaint, half-impertinent, yet wholly natural manner had carried something familiar in it.
 "I see," said little Dolores, as I remained silent. "you did not know my mother." She sighed: "No one does seem to remember her but me. You are a kind man. . . . I wish you had remembered my mother!"
 She slipped away from me as she spoke and mingled in with the crowd of other children; this was done so quickly that I could not have stopped her if I had tried. As a matter of fact, I did not try. I sat a long time musing, then I put the little fan into an inner pocket, and wended my way to the staircase. My hostess was busy marshalling the first troupe of hungry small folk to the supper room.
 "So good of you, Dick, dear," she said, "to look after little Dolores Spencer. I always long to be kind to her, but she is such an elusive little creature. She is not at all an ordinary child."
 "Why is she not with her father?" I asked.
 "There has been a bad feeling between the child and her stepmother from the very beginning, and since the boy came there seems to be no place for Dolores in her old home. I loved her mother," said Mary, and her voice was so tender. "Dick, how I wish George Spencer would give me this child!"
 I paused. There was a mist in front of my eyes, and I had a strangled sensation at my throat.
 "They—they say he adored his wife!" were the words that escaped from me after a while.
 Then I went home and repaired my fan.
 Next morning before going to work I wended my way to my step-house.
 "The child is not here," she said, "wanted to keep her with me last night but Mrs. Spencer, I think, was a bit annoyed with me for having directly to the nuns, so she said that Dolores must sleep at her father's house. Shall I take the fan back to you, dear Dick?"
 I shook my head.
 I turned away at once, drove to Spencer's big house, and inquired boldly for Dolores. The butler hesitated a moment.
 "I think she has gone, sir," he said; "but if you will come in, I will inquire."
 He showed me into a room on the second floor. I thought it was empty, but all at once I realized a little figure sitting in an arm chair—a pathetic little figure, dressed in outdoor garments, with closed eyes and a white face. It was Dolores. When I spoke to her she looked up in startled fashion, then she smiled.
 "Nice man!" she said, but her voice was so weak, so tired, and she stretched out her hand. "Have you got my fan?"
 I gave it to her, and as mere touch of it seemed to illumine her for an instant as with joy. Then her eyes closed again and her head drooped, and at that moment an important looking individual bustled into the room.
 "Now, miss, I'm ready," she said. She backed a little as she saw me. I spoke hurriedly.
 "This child is ill. You are not going to take her back to the convent as she is?"
 I don't know how I did it, but I persuaded the nurse to let me go this journey with the child. There was a fog outside in the air, and the windows were misty, but never had I tasted such a wonderful happiness as came to me in this one hour. She was no longer her mother's child, she was herself, a bruised little flower that lay passive on my heart as though wearied with its short span of life.
 They took her from me at the convent with some surprise in their look, but as I heard the tenderness in their voices, and realized how dear the child was to them I changed in my first opinion. This peaceful place, with its bright-eyed sisters moving softly to and fro, had nothing desolate about it. I went to Mary for sympathy the next day, and when I told her all her eyes filled with tears.
 "Tomorrow I will drive down first thing," she said. "I am so glad you went with her, Dick. My poor little Dolores!"
 But Mary did not see her the next day. She came to my office after that long drive.
 "She is very ill," she said brokenly; "they fear pneumonia. And she may die and be buried for all her father cares!"
 When Mary left me I shut my desk and went out with a blank sense of misery upon me.
 The fog had gone, and the November sun seemed to mock me. . . . It was a long, long way to the convent. The Sister who had spoken to me two days before met me with a tear-stained face.
 I had great difficulty in persuading them to let me see the child, but they led me to her at last, urged perhaps to do so because Dolores had asked for me repeatedly.
 A Sister was kneeling near her, but made way for me, and I sat down and pillowed one of the small hot hands on my heart.
 "Dolores is going to get better," I said.
 She lay and looked up for a long, long time. There was strange content in those wonderful dark eyes. Then she spoke hoarsely and with difficulty: "I—know now—you do remember!—I see her looking at me from your eyes!"
 My heart leaped.
 "I loved her!" I said.
 It was the first time that old, old secret had been confessed.
 "I haven't the least idea how I managed it," said Mary, on the clear, frosty day when I took them to the train and packed them off for their long journey to the South. "I am quite sure that George Spencer regards me as a lunatic and that his wife looks upon me as an interfering cat. But I don't care, Dick. The child shall not be lonely any more, she is mine now!"
 "Ours!" I said softly.
 I was not going with them, but I sat in the carriage and took Dolores on my knee.
 "You will come out soon—you promise?" she asked in a low voice.
 I nodded my head.
 "And you will get quite, quite strong, Dolores—you promise?"
 She kissed me.
 "Yes, beloved!" she said.
 And then the train started. . . . The delicate child-face with the trembling red lips and wistful eyes faded from my sight. . . .
 For a few moments I felt as I had felt long ago when they told me that my love was to be married to George Spencer; as I had felt just lately when the child, dark wings of Death had mated themselves in my ears. And then—my spirits rose.
 "Beloved!" she had called me—and we were to meet again soon. Life was really very beautiful—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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The Imported Oldenburg German Coach Stallion
KRUGER!
 Nos. 6209-1447.
 Purchased of J. Crouch & Son, LaFayette, Ind.
 Service Fee, \$18 to insure living colt.
The Imported Percheron Nor-
Gargauntua.
 Nos 4247-26140.
 Service Fee, \$12.50 to insure living colt.
 Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Colts will be held for insurance.
 The above horses will make the season of 1902 at my barn 4 1-2 miles northeast of Oregon, Mo.
 Call at Stable for further information.
ED. FUHRMAN, Owner.
Sheriff's Sale in Partition.
 Martha M. Walls, William J. Walls, Ross Wilson, Jessie Fugh, joined by her husband, C. H. Fugh, Mary E. Walls, widow of John Walls, deceased, Boyd E. Walls, Bulah A. Walls, Besse M. Walls, Edith Walls, Blanche A. Walls and Cecil Walls, minor heirs of the said John Walls, deceased, by their next friend John C. Leopold, against
 Bert Wilson, Celia Stack and Myrtle Walls. In Partition.
 In the Circuit Court of Daviess County, Missouri.
 By virtue and authority of a decree and order of sale made by the said court, in the above entitled cause, and of a certified copy thereof, dated September 20, 1901, I will on **WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1902,** between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the court house, in the city of Oregon, in Holt county, Missouri, sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, the following described real estate, to wit:
 The north one-third of block 18, in the original town of Mount City.
 Any thing and being in Holt county, State of Missouri.
 Terms of sale as follows: One third cash; one-third in six months, and remaining one-third in twelve months from date of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.
JOHN RAMSAY, Sheriff.
Order of Publication.
 STATE OF MISSOURI, ss.
 In the Circuit Court of Holt County, Missouri, April term, 1902.
 Susie Katen, Plaintiff, vs.
 John Katen, Defendant.
 At this day comes the plaintiff hereby by Henry F. Arkie, her attorney, and files her petition and affidavit, alleging among other things, that defendant, John Katen, is not a resident of the State of Missouri.
 Whereupon it is ordered by the Clerk, that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is, that plaintiff seeks to be "divorced from the bonds of matrimony heretofore contracted with the defendant on the 21st day of July, 1884, on the grounds of cruel treatment and abandonment."
 And that unless the said John Katen, be and appear at this court, at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the court house in the city of Oregon, in said county, on the 28th day of April next, and on the 1st day of said term, answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.
 And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published in accordance to law, in the Holt County SENTINEL, a weekly newspaper published in the city of Oregon, county of Holt, in the State of Missouri, for four successive weeks, the last insertion of which to be at least fifteen days before the said 28th day of April, 1902.
GEORGE W. HOGREFE,
 Circuit Clerk.
 A true copy from the record.
 Witness my hand and the seal of the circuit court of Holt county, this 15th day of March 1902.
GEORGE W. HOGREFE,
 Circuit Clerk.
LIVE Poultry Wanted!
 Hens, per pound 9 cts
 Young Roosters, per pound 6 cts
 Old Roosters, per pound 10 cts
 Young Gobblers, per pound 8 cts
 Old Gobblers, per pound 6 cts
 Ducks, full feathered, per pound 5 cts
 Geese, full feathered, per dozen \$3.00
 Old Roosters, per dozen 1.00
 Will buy poultry every day.
 Butter and eggs every day.
 Farmers—We want your eggs in any quantity you want to sell, and will pay you the highest market price. Bring them in every day from now until further notice, and receive cash for them.
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